KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT — by Edith Essig September 12, 1960
1830 Fremont Drive,
Alameda, California

CLASS OF '60

In black-gowned ranks across the nation the Class of 1960, many-hundred-thousand strong, assembled on college campuses and in high-school auditoriums for graduation ceremonies that dismissed its members from their cloistered academic world and bade them seek fame and fortune in the field of employment that lies beyond its pale. In view of the explosive potentialities lurking in a comparative lull in the now-chronic state of global turmoil, the male contingent of the class, subject to a continuing military draft, has good reason to peer anxiously into the mists that veil the future. The situation invites a flashback over the intervening 99 years to West Point's tragic Class of 1861.

The Union was cracking at its Southern seams. Seven states had seceded to form the Confederacy, followed rapidly by others; the Federal garrison at Fort Sumter had surrendered, prompting President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months in restoring the National authority, to which 200,000 men responded; in Richmond, Virginia, a Confederate salute of one hundred guns was fired in honor of the fall of Fort Sumter.

West Point was torn by conflicting loyalties. The dispersal of the graduating Class of '61 marked a tragic parting of the ways. Many were commissioned in the U.S. Army. Approximately as many followed their seceding states into the Southern cause. Forty-five of the graduates fought on one side or the other in the first Battle of Bull Run. The Class roll of illustrious names included: George Woodruff, Patrick O'Rorke and Alonzo Cushing of the Union Army, all three killed at Gettysburg; Confederate soldiers John Pelham, killed at Kelly's Ford, and Dodson Ramseur, who died after capture by Union forces; survivors George A. Custer, brilliant cavalry officer of the Union Army, and his onetime roommate Thomas Rosser of the Confederate Army, who for months fought each other up and down the Shenandoah Valley and renewed their friendship after the war.

General Custer's farewell flourish as witnessed on a sultry, mist-shrouded morning in June, 1876, when he rode out to keep a last earthly date with destiny, was so weirdly dramatic that it has won recognition with other celebrated incidents cited as omens of disaster. It is recorded that as the 7th Cavalry galloped out in a column of fours with Custer at their head, the music of the regimental band floating jauntily back to the wives and children watching at Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory, a startling transformation occurred. Sudden sunlight piercing the shifting mists, causing the air to glitter and the sky to shimmer with the heat, appeared to cut the ground from under the feet of the horses and the wheels of the artillery and wagons. Far down the plain the troopers appeared to be riding across the sky, like ghost-figures in the air. Briefly the line of cavalry marched suspended in space while the hearts of the watchers quaked. Then the strange mirage shifted. The tiny figures marched again on solid ground and passed beyond the ken of the white man. Long after the battle of the Little Big Horn, where the small force of cavalry was wiped out by the onslaught of thousands of frenzied Sioux, it devolved upon a savage foe to give to history eyewitness testimony that Custer himself battled on, wounded, until his saber was broken across an Indian's rifle barrel, his six-shooter was empty and he went down for the last time riddled with bullets.

Tom Rosser, Custer's old friend and classmate, made an effort to raise a volunteer force for the rescue of the 7th Cavalry, and he defended Custer's reputation to the end. At the age of sixty-one Rosser became a brigadier general in the U.S. Army, receiving the commission for which he had trained before his defection to the Confederate cause.

With the passage of time, the great healer, came reconciliations among West Point's surviving seniors of 1861; came the completion of the conquest of the North American continent; the taming of the red men and the emancipation of the blacks. By rights, a bright era of unhampered cultural and scientific progress and peaceful pursuits should have followed. But by stealthy propagation there came also a strange new concept of the Republic's role in world affairs that involved us in two global conflicts and, as so aptly expressed by the editor of the San Francisco journal Right in the September issue (and, regrettably, the final issue, for Right is folding up), has now led us to the present state of mind where two tribes of African cannibals cannot peacefully roast each other without our savants warning that a "world war" is likely to result unless we immediately intervene.

Today's news spotlight hovers over the darkest areas of the dark continent, where cannibalism, witchcraft, and the unbelievably-foul rites of Mau Mau terrorism flourish; and where the news spotlight goes it sweeps a path that U.S. foreign policy must follow. This "new look" in Americanism pays off at the moment, incredibly, in the assumption that by way of United Nations authority Uncle Sam's nephews already in uniform, and those of the Class of 1960 soon to be drafted, have a military date with destiny in a turbulent, blood-soaked Congo suddenly plunged into a state of primeval chaos and jungle savagery far below the lowest level to which an American Indian could sink.

The classic scene of the young Pony Express rider spurring through a shower of arrows with an Indian war-whoop ringing in his ears and in imminent danger of losing his scalp, gives way to a prophetic view of Young America facing—to the background beat of voodoo drums—a barrage of tribal warriors' arrows and the prospect of

yielding his hands and possibly his feet to the cause of African freedom. If you incline to discount this view of the case, please take UPI's word for it that (Bakwanga, Kasai Province, Aug. 31): "NO PRISONERS TAKEN IN BLOODY CONGO WAR. Captives are killed out of hand by both sides in the round-the-clock fighting. Both sides are cutting off the hands of their dead adversaries and sporting them as trophies on their belts. About 1,200 Congolese troops are locked in a battle to the death with half-naked 250,000-strong Baluba tribesmen fighting the Congolese army with bows and arrows...Sept. 2: The Congo careened crazily and bloodily toward civil war, anarchy and possibly a Communist-style dictatorship tonight. Bodies littered th streets of Bakwanga, the diamond-mining center where Congolese army troops have been fighting secessionist forces of Albert Kalonji ....Scores of Russians and Communist advisers have poured into the Congo in recent weeks."

Congolese government policy staggered in a drunken round of calling in U.N. troops, ordering them out, appealing for Soviet aid, wavering between the conflicting ultimatums of president and premier, and finally exploded in a clash in which President Kasamumba and Premier Lumuvubu — no — hold everything, while we untangle these names! —a clash in which President Kasavubu and Premier Lumumba fired each other and each assumed personal command of the ship of state. And United Nations prestige sagged to the breaking-point after a brief swagger in which U.N. officials ordered Belgian troops out of the Congo.

Out of this welter of savage political fervor came the grim news of the death of American newsreporter Henry N. Taylor, killed by machinegunfire while observing the fighting in Kasai province, and the brutal beating of eight U.S. airmen by rampaging Congolese army troops at Stanleyville airport. The assaults, says Associated Press, "emphasized Premier Patrice Lumumba's demands that the United Nations forces quit the Congo, turning over the job of maintaining order to his army", i.e., to the rampaging thugs. In Leopoldville last night, on orders of President Kasavubu, this Congo army suddenly arrested Premier Lumumba and took him for detention to Camp Leopold. Within two hours the ousted premier, released on his own order, came roaring back to Leopoldville in a military convoy, shouting "Victory!" and calling for the arrest of Kasavubu. These developments, says an AP dispatch, "undermined the United Nations in the all but hopelessly muddled Congo affairs." The U.N. Security Council hastily put the Congo crisis on the shelf for a cooling-off period, and moved to adjourn—not quickly enough, however, for as of this writing (AP dispatch): "Just as the Council ended its brief session the U.N. announced that rival delegations had arrived in New York. One represents Kasavubu and the other Lumumba."

The situation is not merely fluid. It's a downright mess. An earlier AP dispatch, July 23, proclaimed the end of an era for missionaries to the Congo, whose pioneers had followed a spiritual trail blazed into a wild, trackless region by the famed medical missionary, Dr. David Livingstone: "Most of the 1,200 American missionaries in the Congo have quit the tumult-ridden region, including many who until this week thought they could stick it out. Whether they'll ever go back again, on the same basis, seems doubtful. There were signs of the end of an era."

American missionaries out; drafted American boys must go in. San Francisco Examiner, Sept. 8: "HANDS OFF! RUSS TOLD — IKE VOWS ALL-OUT U.S. CONGO AID IF U.N. ASKS FOR TROOPS." Already the Security Council has recommended U.N. membership for the new republic of the Congo. This is the bitter fruit of United States participation in the United Nations Organization, which battles colonialism everywhere and creates a host of black, barbarian states, each with voting power equal to that of the United States in the U.N. General Assembly and which collectively will constitute the balance of power if or when the U.N. becomes the recognized world government it was undoubtedly designed to be. Read a UPI report in yesterday's Examiner and shudder: "BLEAK LOOK AT AFRICA PROBLEM. An African world of poverty, ignorance and primitive industrial development emerges from a recent study by the Population Reference Bureau, a non-profit organization concerned with long-term population trends...The study emphasized the political fervor sweeping Africa by pointing out that 14 new nations achieved independence during the first eight months of 1960. It predicted the number would jump to 19 by April of 1961. The 19 nations have a population of 102,600,000, 98% of whom are native Africans. About the African people the study said literacy levels are among the world's lowest."

How we came to this dire pass is a long story, beginning with the Crucifixion on Calvary and covering all the intervening centuries of conflict between the forces of Christ and those of Anti-Christ. Now—on the eve of an inevitable great day of reckoning—it finds every Christian institution under fire and the presidential nominees of both major political parties committed to foreign and domestic policies that could conceivably spell the doom of the white race.

It is the story of a stealthy revolution that gave us a succession of Jewish presidential counselors, notably Col. Edward Mandell House, Louis Brandeis, Felix Frankfurter, and Bernard Baruch, and the resulting foreign policy that bolstered the economy of red nations of the type of Tito's Jugoslavia while rebuffing and misrepresenting would-be friendly rightist leaders such as Egypt's President Nasser and Generalissimos Franco of Spain and Trujillo of the Dominican Republic; with the crowning touch of effecting the fall of anti-Communist governments without letting it appear that they were pushed. Outstanding examples are the betrayal of Chiang Kai-shek and our good friend, the Korean patriot Syngman Rhee. (An AP dispatch of July 21st last tells the same old story: "The United States granted Communist Poland today an additional $130,000,000 in economic aid as part of its policy of encourag- the Poles to rely less on Moscow." Polish communism must be subsidized, preferably by the United States taxpayers, it seems.)

As reported above scores of Soviet advisers poured into the Congo when the

Belgians left. The question of who did the preliminary spadework is raised by this intriguing item in the Jewish B'nai B'rith Messenger of August 5: "The numerous Jews living in the Congo had not been mistreated during the recent Congolese outrages against other whites, reports Brussels Le Soir. Reason: they put on the doors of their homes, stores or offices a sign reading 'Jew'. Such an identification which, during the Hitler era meant persecution and disgrace, worked wonders: the Congolese treated them with respect and concern. "What a switch!' exclaims the paper." (And, no doubt, these signs were ready and waiting.)

As the beforementioned journal Right so rightly says in reference to this instance in the Congo: "Unless they are in total control, the Jews always help the invaders of a country in which they reside. For example, in ancient Spain the Jews prepared the way for the Moors, and when the invasion came they slipped on yellow armbands so that the Moors could tell them from the Goyim, who were thus marked for slaughter, pillage and forced conversion. Throughout all East Europe the Jews paved the way for the Red conquest and recived top Communist jobs in return. 'Anti-Semitism' in Hungary, Cuba and Russia is synonymous with 'anti-Communism'." (Research discloses that Jews in their identifying armbands welcomed the hordes of Genghis Khan

If you need further proof that the "Chosen People" (who sent our boys to a second world war on the strength of the brazen hoax that Hitler slaughtered six million mythical Jews--approximately five million more than Jewry's own figures on the pre-Hitler Jewish population allow to have been available for slaughter) have the situation well in hand the world around, consider the current display of murderous lawlessness for which the cowed Christian world dares not criticize them.

In it we have a preview of what we may expect in the event our domestic affairs are thrown into the United Nations' World Court through repeal of the Connally Reservation, and raises the specter of a global reign of Talmudic law centered in the Zionist stronghold, the misnamed, bandit state of Israel. The precedent for taking drastic action against anyone displeasing to Jewry is conveniently set in the case of Adolph Eichmann, kidnapped from Argentina and held for trial in a state that was was not in existence at the time of his alleged crimes, committed in Germany; his captors basing their authority on a special Israeli law passed in 1950.

Two recent items in the news are of chilling significance. One is a Reuters dispatch from Tel Aviv, carried in the San Francisco Chronicle of June 8, 1960: "An Israeli weekly journal reported today that former Nazi leader Martin Bormann was killed last April in Argentina by a Jewish doctor who recognized him through his disguise and gave him a series of lethal injections. The weekly, Haolam Hazeh, quoted Jewish sources in Buenos Aires as saying Bormann's body was buried under an assumed name, which could not be revealed."

The other turned up in the Oakland Tribune of July 17th last. UPI from Jerusalem: "On Memorial Hill west of this holy city, beside the cemetery of Israeli's war dead, stands a group of gray-painted wooden bungalows which form the command post for one of the most dogged manhunts in the world today. From the metal gate which gives access to these buildings went forth the Israeli agents who brought Adolph Eichmann back to stand trial for crimes against the Jewish people. About 500 top-ranking nazis are on priority lists for similar arrest. The list of smaller fry, including some women who were guards in nazi death camps, adds up to about 10,000." (Incidentally, "inciting hatred of Jews" is one of the "crimes" listed in Israel's Nazi punishment law passed by the Israeli Knesset (Parliament) in 1950.)

The above dispatch is headlined:"ISRAELI MANHUNTERS COMB THE WORLD FOR MISSING NAZIS." Well, if the blasphemous enemies of Christ, who set themselves up as the "Chosen", are actually of the Synagogue of Satan--and who can doubt it?--then surely these vengeful, murderous manhunters are the hounds of hell.

And, surely, divine judgment on the usurpers and desecrators of the holy places cannot long be delayed. In the very shadow of that impending judgment, and while the heathen rage, God seems to be sternly but mercifully calling His people home for the duration; even though it may mark the cessation of a century of Christian missions on the dark continent and elsewhere (note the instance recorded in the 16th chapter of Acts in which Paul and Silas, on their missionary journey, were "forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia...and they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not."). Divine providence may be at work in the present crisis although savage, jeering voices sound the cry: "White man go home!" -- "Yankee, go home!"

Certainly, we have enough to do at home to repair the damage done by nearly 30 years of New Deal treason: unfinished business requiring that we get out of the U.N. and send that subversive organization packing; put the Constitution back into force; root the antichristian, Judaizing influence out of our schools, churches and other areas of community life and stop the forcible herding together of whites and blacks; expose the traitors responsible for the relentless vilification and political persecution that hounded McCarthy, Forrestal and other patriots to premature deaths...

Fitting into the general picture that suggests the Dark Ages, is an AP dispatch of Aug. 29, 1957: "The State of Massachusetts has wiped from the books the conviction of six women unjustly accused of being witches 265 years ago. Gov. Furcolo has signed a legislative resolve clearing Ann Pudeator, Bridget Bishop, Susanne Martin, Alice Parker, Margaret Scott and Milmot Reed. All had been convicted in a colonial court and hanged during the 17th-century witchcraft hysteria in Salem." It is to be hoped that the United States will not wait 265 years before wiping the Senatorial censure of Joseph McCarthy off the books and taking official action to clear the names of patriots who were victims of modern witch hunts, notably the 33 critics of the Roosevelt Administration who were defendants in the so-called "Sedition" Trial, conducted in the heat of wartime hysteria. Justice is long overdue to those still living and to the memory of Elmer Garner, James True, Gerald B. Winrod, Eugene Sanctuary, Robert Edward Edmondson and, lastly, Frank W. Clark, who have passed on under that cloud. (Frank W. Clark's last published words, June, 1959: "Our nation, today, is in need of men and women who are not for sale; men and women who are honest; sound from center to circumference; true to the heart's core; men and women with a conscience as steady as the needle to the pole; men and women who will stand for right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men and women who can tell the truth and look the world in the eye...men and women who are natural MINUTE MEN and MINUTE WOMEN!" (Sorry: space runs out.)